MRS. TOM'S PART IN THE ELECTION

Governor Marshall's Wife Has the Memory For Names.

ROMANCE OF THEIR LIVES.

The Notification of the Indiana Executive For Democratic Vice Presidency Honors a Record Breaker.

By J. C. HAMMOND,
Of Democratic National Publicity Bureau.

Indianapolis.—Just about the time that thousands of friends of Governor Thomas Riley Marshall were anxiously wanting to shake his hand in congratulation over his acceptance as candidate of vice president on the Democratic ticket a smiling woman stepped before him, and if one could have heard what she whispered in his ear it would have been something like "Now, hurry in, Tom, and change your clothes."

And Tom Marshall forgot to shake hands with the enthusiastic friends until he had carried out the orders of Mrs. Tom.

Indiana has honored four of her sons as vice presidential candidates on the Democratic ticket, but the crowds that

THOMAS R. MARSHALL.

greeted Governor Marshall in the big coliseum in the state fair grounds here today were the greatest in the history of the party.

The west wanted to show the east what could be done in notification honors, and, while Mrs. Marshall was happy, of course, over the honors for her husband, she was also worried, for her husband comes mighty close to being father, husband, son and partner all in one. And when a woman has that combination on her hands to care for she has every right to be worried.

Governor Marshall will never gain any honors as a hammer thrower. He is not built that way.

While all the country was reading the vigorous words of Governor Marshall which told the voters what he expects Democracy to do in carrying out the pledges for the next four years it's worth while to know what part a woman is taking in the affairs of the campaign—how Tom Marshall happens to be in the position in which he stands today.

The good people of Columbia City, Ind., never thought Thomas Riley Marshall was a "marrying man." For forty years he had lived with his parents, nursing both his father and mother, who were invalids, which was the reason Governor Marshall was not a marrying man. He felt his first duty was to his parents.

Meeting Mrs. Marshall.

After the death of his parents Governor Marshall dived deeper into his law practice, and one day an urgent case took him to Angola, Ind. His duties called him to the county clerk's office, and there he met Miss Lois Kinsey, daughter of the county clerk, who was assisting her father in the office.

From that day Governor Marshall had more business around the county clerk's office in Angola than any lawyer in half a dozen nearby counties.

Governor Marshall was forty-two years of age when he was married, Mrs. Marshall being nearly twenty years his junior.

The Marshalls had been married only a few weeks when the future vice president was called to an adjoining county on a case that would consume some five or six weeks of his time.

"Now, I did not want to be starting off like that," Governor Marshall explained to a friend one day, so I just told Mrs. Marshall that I thought she should go along. And she did."

Since then Governor Marshall has never made a trip without Mrs. Marshall going along. They have traveled all over the country together; they go to banquets and political meetings together until the friends of the Indiana executive refer to him and his wife as the "pards."

"Tom Marshall is not overstrong," explained one of his friends. "While not a delicate man, his constitution is not of the most vigorous type.

"When he gets into a political battle he forgets his weakness. He gives all that is in him, and that will tell on any man. Mrs. Marshall soon discovered that the governor would become heated in making a speech and the next day his voice would be husky. She decided that he had better give up some of the handshaking and take care of his health first. So when you find him making a speech he does not stay around to hear the applause of the audience. Rather, he hurries to his room and changes his clothing.

"Some people have said that Tom Marshall is not a handshaking politician. He is not. His wife thinks it is more important to guard his health than to carry out the old time policy, and she is correct, as she is in most all other things."

"Home Air" Prevails.

The Marshall home is typical of the mistress. It is a home of books, and still one does not feel "bookish." One of the Marshall friends said he always felt like eating when he entered the Marshall home in Columbia City or the executive mansion at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Marshall believes in a home first, and the "home air" prevails.

"If Governor Marshall ever occupied the White House people would not know that historic institution," declares an admirer. "Mrs. Marshall would have it a real home. People would feel comfortable even in the midst of the gold and glitter."

But it is not only as a wife and the mistress of a home that Mrs. Marshall shows her ability. She is a politician and a clever one. She also has a remarkable memory.

Governor Marshall has earned the reputation of being in a class of story tellers all by himself. He can remember stories, but he forgets names. A name is something to be cast aside with Governor Marshall, and this is one of the regrets of his life, if he has any regrets. The governor is not a worrying man. He is somewhat a fatalist, but if he could he would like to remember names; but, not having that ability, he does not worry, for Mrs. Marshall is the new rememberer of the family.

She has a peculiar ability along this line. Not only does she remember the last name, but any combination of names comes as second nature to her, and she carries this ability on down to the children and cousins of any one seeking the governor.

While the governor is shaking hands and trying to remember whether his caller is Jones or Smith, Mrs. Marshall is busy supplying the information and asking about all the relatives.

Ideal Partners.

Governor Marshall has no brothers or sisters, and his parents being dead leaves him somewhat barren of relatives.

Governor Marshall's friends are enthusiastic over his home life. When he has started on talking of his wife a new light in the Hoosier executive comes to the surface.

They come near being ideal married partners.

"I was talking to Tom one day," explained one of his most intimate friends. "We were leaning back, and Tom had been telling some of his good stories to illustrate various topics of our conversation. We were waiting for Mrs. Marshall to come back from a shopping tour, and I happened to remark that I liked Mrs. Marshall better every time I met her.

"'Well, now that's the way she strikes me, Jim,' he said. 'We have been married some sixteen years, and as time goes that is a long or short period, just as you think. To me it is but a fleeting day. Then I think back over my married life and find I have grown to know Mrs. Marshall better every day. A man must not only love but he must also respect his partner in this life—respect her in all things. She must have wonderful qualities to make the love and respect grow deeper and better each day. That's been my history.

"'The fact that Mrs. Marshall has been in sympathy in my work, my play, my life, is good. But I have been

MRS. MARSHALL.

in sympathy with hers. Ours is not a one sided life. We have been partners, and that's the way it should be in this world.'"

Mrs. Marshall has watched over his administration of the affairs of Indiana with a jealous care. There has been nothing of the spectacular in his administration. It has been a sane government. The laws that he has fought for and won show the spirit of the man. They are uplifting. They deal with the improvement of man, woman and child.

While Governor Marshall is described as a "tender hearted" executive, nevertheless he is a fighter. He belongs to the old fighting stock of Virginia.

Governor Marshall is not a dodger. He has his opinions, and he lets them be known. While he is an organization man, he knows that organizations are not perfect—that they can make mistakes. If they make mistakes he thinks it is his duty to say so and get the saying over at the first possible moment.

Mrs. Marshall is not satisfied with her domestic duties alone. She wants to do her share in problems of the political and business world. Mrs. Marshall is said to have discussed in detail with her husband his action on the Baltimore convention, and when it was seen that Marshall was the man who was going to go on the ticket with Wilson he wanted to know what his wife thought about it.

"It won't be any harder than being Governor of Indiana, and if the party thinks you are the man it only agrees with my opinion," she said, and that settled the matter with Governor Marshall.

Mrs. Marshall had the honor of being the first woman in Indiana to hold an office. She was appointed county clerk of Steuben county by her father and held that office for a number of years.

When Governor Marshall and his wife were about to be married she decided that her last official act of the office would be to make out the marriage license. Governor Marshall accompanied his wife to the county clerk's office and watched her with care as she noted the records in the big book and filled out the license and watched her as she carefully signed her father's name, with her own as deputy.

Mrs. Marshall, having blotted the ink, said, "Now we can go."

"Not yet," laughed Governor Marshall.

"Why, we are all fixed," explained Mrs. Marshall, pointing to the license.

"Yes, but I have to pay for it," replied the governor. "It's all right for you to make it out, but it's up to me to pay the fee." And he did.

Mrs. Marshall is a keen student, and, having established the practice of going with her husband on all his trips, be they short or long, they make it a point to carry along some book.

Mrs. Marshall is as much of a humanitarian as the governor. A glance at some of the bills that have been passed by the 1911 Indiana legislature gives an insight into the governor:

To curtail child labor.

To regulate sale of cold storage products.

To require hygienic schoolhouses and medical examination of children.

To prevent blindness at birth.

To regulate sale of cocaine and other drugs.

To provide free treatment for hydrophobia.

To establish public playgrounds.

To improve pure food laws.

To protect against loan sharks.

To provide police court matrons.

To prevent traffic in white slaves.

To permit night schools.

To require medical supplies as part of a train equipment.

Governor Marshall has also played an active part in providing for protection of labor, as is exampled by the following acts:

To create a bureau of inspection for workshops, factories, mines and boilers.

To establish free employment agencies.

To require full train crews.

To require safety devices on switch engines.

To require efficient headlights on engines.

To require standard cabooses.

To provide weekly wage, etc.

And Governor Marshall has consulted with his "partner" on all these bills. He is quoted as saying a man can't go far wrong in taking the advice of a wife—if she is his partner as well as his wife.

Having exhausted his supply of adjectives in denouncing Taft, Roosevelt is now leading a campaign of denunciation of every one who does not agree with himself.

Farmers have pulled against the short end of the yoke long enough. Wilson and Marshall promise to see that the pulling is made more nearly even.

Wonder how the colonel likes being an outcast?

A $5 gold piece that Louis Rudden accidentally dropped into a barrel of clams at a clambake near Winsted, Conn., was swallowed by one of the clams.

While spading for onions near Kent, Ohio, Charles Ramsay, colored, unearthed a box containing $500 in gold coin and paper money buried 20 years ago by his father, an ex-slave.

State Cattle Commissioner F. L. Davis of White River Junction is busy cleaning up applications now on file, about 40 in number, in regard to the testing of cattle. So many requests come in that it was feared the appropiation available would be exhausted before some of the early applicants had their herds tested.

The annual meeting of the Vermont Electrical association will be in Rutland September 12 and 13.

Ten thousand dollars in gold, believed to have been hidden by William Anderson, a bandit of Civil War times, have been found in an old manor house on a plantation in Howard county, Missouri.

ALSO AT ARMAGEDDON.

—New York World.

ROLLA WELLS IS EARLY ON THE JOB

Democratic National Treasurer Is After Small Contributor.

THE PEOPLE TO HELP.

There Is to Be No "Tainted Money" Used in Electing Wilson and Marshall.

New York.—A small, smooth shaved, middle aged man with a coat of tan that gave evidence of much outdoor life recently came into the Waldorf carrying a suit case early in the afternoon and registered as "Rolla Wells, St. Louis, Mo."

The smooth shaved little man, who is to be the watchdog of the Wilson campaign money from now on, was asked for vital statistics, whereupon it was learned at first hand that he is a banker and ex-mayor of St. Louis, is fifty-six years old, was graduated at Princeton in 1876, or three years before Governor Wilson was graduated; that he has two sons who are Princeton men and a grandson who some day will be a Princeton man; that he had no notion of seeing New York this summer until the Wilson organization selected him as its treasurer and that just at present the one thing that sticks out in the appointment in his mind is that the new job cut in seriously upon a most beautiful vacation which he and Mrs. Wells had been enjoying in a camp at Little Traverse bay, Michigan.

Mr. Wells believes in getting at his desk at 8 o'clock in the morning.

"We are going to raise our campaign fund through the small contributions," said Mr. Wells.

"I am sure that a large part of the money will be raised by popular subscription.

"The people have confidence in Woodrow Wilson, and they will give what they can of their means to elect such a man president.

"I am a great believer in publishing broadcast, before and after election, the various contributions made.

"There are men who can well afford to give the committee $5,000, but I want to assure the public that we are not going to have any tainted money.

"We are appealing to the people, and we are relying on them to help elect Wilson and Marshall.

"I have two boys who have been graduated from Princeton, one five years ago and one seven. But it is not because ours is a Princeton family that I like Governor Wilson. He is a great big man and the type that we should have in public life."

Woodrow Wilson says this is not a time to be afraid to "speak out in meeting." That he was not afraid is demonstrated by his logical speech in accepting the Democratic nomination.

Roosevelt was willing to crawl from the White House to the capitol in 1908 if he could help his friend Root. Today he would like nothing better than meeting Root up a dark alley.

The Democrats are depending on the small contributor to help elect Wilson and Marshall. The appeal is being made to the people, and the people are responding.

Wilson will make the most accessible president who has ever occupied the White House. He is typically a Democratic man.

Farmers have awakened to the folly of the so called blessings of a protective tariff.

The Stone Gods

By Temple Bailey

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The Garden of the Stone Gods was set in the midst of a high city, but so high were the walls that surrounded it that it was cut off from the sight of outsiders, and the noise of traffic came faintly to the ears of Rosamond, as she sat day after day by the fountain working fairy webs of lace on a cushion, as she had been taught in a convent far across the seas.

So many years had she dwelt in the convent that she seemed less an American girl than a foreigner, and now that she was buried here in this strange old garden, she seemed to live in a dream life far removed from that of the girls, who, on the other side of the walls, went back and forth on gay modern quests of shopping and motoring, golfing and riding.

Once an airship had whizzed overhead, and the beat of its motors had come down to them faintly.

Rosamond's uncle had looked up into the skies and had said, fiercely, "Can we never get away from modern horrors?"

But Rosamond had looked up at the big airship, sailing over their heads like a huge silver dragonfly, and then down at the impassible stone gods which surrounded the fountain, and had sighed.

Rosamond hated the stone gods, and she yearned inexpressibly for the life that other girls led.

One day outside the walls she heard a voice singing. It was a man's voice, strong and sweet, and the song was a love song.

In her quiet garden, Rosamond had heard little of love. Her uncle had never married; he hated women.

The song, as it floated out on the spring air, seemed a call to Rosamond to come out and be free.

So she left her lace pillow and ran to the end of the garden, and climbed from the stone bench to the low

Sitting on the top of the wall

branches of an old apple tree, and thence to the broad top of the wall, and peeped over.

Beneath her was the man who sang. His hat was off and he was down on his knees behind a big red motor car.

Rosamond watched him eagerly. Sitting on the top of the wall she sighed for the things which were forbidden her. Though the sigh was low, the man beneath looked up. It was as if her desire had drawn his eyes toward her.

His bright smile shone out as he saw her. "Beg pardon," he said, as as rose to his feet; "I'm in an awful fix. Do you think there's anyone in there who can help me out? I'm a doctor, and I've got to get to a patient as soon as possible."

"Oh," said Rosamond quickly, "I'll see." She ran at once to her uncle's study. There she told her breathless story.

"There's a doctor outside, and his motor car has broken down, and—and he wants help to fix it—"

"How," her uncle demanded, "did you know—"

But Rosamond went on, unheeding. "It would be cruel to keep him waiting—when he is needed at a sick bed, wouldn't it?"

"He might have one of the horses."

The young doctor, mounted on one of the big backs, was a gallant figure. Rosamond never forgot how he looked as he rode that morning out of the big gate and into the sunshine.

When he came back Rosamond was in the garden bending over her lace work.

He took it out of her hands and looked at her keenly. "You ought to be riding the big black horse," he said abruptly. "You will be a perfect shadow maiden if you shut yourself up in this dark old garden."

The color came into Rosamond's pale face until she was as vivid as a flame. "Oh, I hate it here," she said, with her little hands clenched; "I hate it."

"Then why do you stay?" he asked gently.

"Uncle had his heart broken when he was a young man," she said, simply. "He loved a woman who married another man. My father broke my mother's heart—so my uncle does not believe in marriage. He kept me in a convent until I was eighteen, and two years ago we came here. He has always lived in India, and he loves the stone gods which he brought from there, and he has put them around the fountain, and I have to look at them every day—"

He took her little trembling hands in his strong grasp.

"Look at me," he commanded, and she raised her eyes and met his steady glance. "Listen—I am going to set the fairy princess free from the enchanted garden. But she must let me do it in my own way—and trust me—will she?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

Every day after that he came. Rosamond did not know what power he used to charm her uncle, but the older man grew eager for talks and arguments with the young doctor. They lunched together and dined together, and every day Rosamond sat at the table content to listen, and meet the glance of the steady eyes which seemed to say, always: "Trust me."

And she did trust him, even when one day he went by her with averted head as he passed through the garden on his way to his motor.

At lunch she had the key to the situation. "I have thought sometimes," her uncle said, restlessly, "that the doctor looks at you as if he loves you—it would be a calamity if he should learn to care for you, Rosamond."

Rosamond's own heart beat furiously, but she said carelessly: "He scarcely notices me at all uncle."

The next day the doctor came early to the garden. "I must speak to you before your uncle comes," he said to Rosamond, who had arisen at his approach. "I love you—I want you for my wife—but—I don't want you to marry me in order to escape from bondage. You must know love, child, before you leave your garden."

Rosamond's eyes drooped before the adoration in his. "There—there is one man with whom I could live always in my garden," she whisperd.

He bent to hear her. "Tell me his name," he commanded, then caught her in his arms as she whispered, "You—"

"I can't carry you off like a thief in the night," he said after a rapturous moment. "I shall have to beard the lion in his den, dear."

"He'll never consent," she said, fearfully.

"Wait here for me, my Rose," and he kissed her and went away.

Ten minutes later in the dim study two angry men faced each other.

"If you do not give your consent I shall run away with her," the doctor said steadily. "You are killing her—if not physically, at least mentally and spiritually—no girl can live constantly with your old gods and survive."

"Tomorrow she goes back to India with me," said the raging guardian. "You cannot take her away from me. I love her too well to have her hurt."

"Yet you are hurting her. There is no ache like a heart-ache. Surely you know that, sir."

The old man stared as if he had been stung, then covered his face. "I want to save her," he said.

"Then let her love and be loved."

The younger man came over and put his hand on the bent shoulders.

"All that you would have been to the woman you loved, I will be to Rosamond. Can I say more than that?"

The face that was raised to his had in it renunciation, combined with hope. "Make her happy," quavered the old man.

The KITCHEN CABINET

OH, THE music and the beauty
Of a soft and gentle voice!
How it fills the soul with sunshine!
How it makes the heart rejoice!

CARE OF THE SICK.

When coal is needed on the fire in a sick room, wrap it in a newspaper or in a paper bag, so that it may be noiselessly placed.

It often takes real diplomacy and genius to persuade a child to take food and medicine in time of illness.

Any devices, trick or plan by which the small people may be cheerfully coerced into taking the things which are necessary for their health is most welcome to any who have the care of such small charges.

If the charge is a boy and fond of soldiers, small squares of paper rolled in the form of tents and a small flag pinned on top, will cover a dish of broth or other food and he may play at being the captain, lift the tent and partake of the dish prepared.

This game may be varied to suit circumstances and the age of the child. A child may be taught to eat if the nurse will have some of the food at the same time, each taking a spoonful out of his own dish at the same time, telling an imaginary story about the food going on a journey "down the little red lane." One mother solved the problem, giving the child toy money and she being the soda water man, selling hot drinks. Any method which will get the results without friction is desirable. The child in a happy frame of mind is much farther on the way to Wellville.

A log cabin made out of dainty strips of buttered toast will be eaten much more happily than toast cut in the usual form, served in the usual way.

State Events.

August 13-24—Summer school of forestry and horticulture in state forest at Sharon.

August 20-22—Annual convention Vermont Funeral Directors and Embalmers' association at Brattleboro.

August 26-29—Annual convention of the Universalist Convention of Vermont and the Province of Quebec at Woodstock.

Sept. 17-20—Vermont state fair at White River Junction.

HOW DUTCH FARMERS LIVE

Cattle Invariably Are Housed Under the Same Roof as the Family.

The typical Dutch farmhouse is square, unscarred, with a pyramid-shaped roof. The space between the apex of the roof and the ceiling of the dwelling part is generally used as a storehouse for winter food for the cattle. The living room door opens into the stable, for the cattle are invariably housed under the same roof as the family. The homes vary little in their furnishings. One always sees bright strips of carpet, a highly polished "center table," where the family Bible is displayed, and a glass dresser, with its shelves filled with rare old brass and Delft ware. The most curious thing about the houses is the sleeping quarters—unique and certainly unhealthy from the modern viewpoint, which requires plenty of fresh air in the bedrooms.

The cheesemaker's family sleeps in beds built in cupboard-like recesses in the wall and as far from the window as possible. There is a door similar to that of a cupboard, and this is kept closed during the day, in order that the bed may be hidden from view. The stuffy condition of this walled-in bedroom can be readily imagined. The linen is always snowy white, and the whole make-up presents an attractive appearance, even to the decorated strap suspended from the ceiling and used to assist the occupant of the couch to arise. The visitor is always welcome at the cheese farms, but the visit must be made early in the morning if the cheesemaking is to be seen. —Leslie's.

WAS AFRAID OF EXCITEMENT

Reasons Advanced by Man Who Wanted to Get Off Bond of Mail Contractor.

The departments in Washington receive some queer letters. Below is given verbatim a letter received last November by the bureau that has charge of the bonds of mail contractors, from a man who wished to get off a bond. It is unique. The last sentence contains a valuable suggestion to others who dislike to receive disagreeable news, especially on business matters. The letter tells how he signed the bond merely to oblige a friend and then continues with this personal history:

"I risk My life to go to the lection this fall I have Done all I can for you office Men at the White house. So I Wood like if you office Men Wood get me out of trouble so I cod Rest I haint Work one Day for 13 years on count of Palpitation of the Heart Some times I can't bare the clock Strike So you no My heart is Weak you office Men Do all you can to get Mee out of trouble. if they had told Mee the letten Was 4 year I Never Wood sind the bond I thought it Was 1 year So I Was told when you Rite Don't Rite any thing that will excite Mee it Will fly to My Heart."—Kansas City Star.

Don't Be a Dowdy.

The best-dressed woman is not necessarily the one who spends the most money. Time, thought, and taste tell to the advantage of dress. Those who persist in speaking of carelessness in dress as if it were a merit are greatly mistaken. To be pleasingly, though not elaborately dressed, and as attractive as she may be, is every woman's duty, and the dress that suits the occasion confers dignity upon the wearer. "Why do you wear a pretty bow in your hair and take so much pains to have a becoming tie?" some one asked the teacher of a large class in the public school. "I wear my ribbons and put on my bows and make myself attractive because I have to influence for good fifty boys every day," was the reply. The teacher was right. Her boys believed in her much more than they would had she been a dowdy.—Christian Herald.

Charity Box.

Take an old trunk or large box and call it your charity box. Into it put all the articles with which you have finished—pictures, magazines, books to read and old ones for scrap books, pretty cards, clothing and all sorts of wearing apparel, pieces of silk, cloth and lace for dolls' clothing, envelopes with foreign stamps, all the little things you have finished with. Every once in a while go through it and dispose of its articles to orphan asylums, hospitals, etc. Then when you are called on for contributions to rummage sales all you have to do is to go to the box and not have to "rummage" around.

Missing the Point.

Representative Bucker of Colorado, apropos of a tariff argument about sugar, said to a Washington correspondent: "Oh, well, those men don't see my point. They miss my point as badly as the old lady missed her son's. "'Mother,' a young man said, 'would you believe that it takes 5,000 elephants a year to make our piano keys and billiard balls?' Make our piano keys and billiard balls!' cried the old lady. "Well! I always understood that elephants were intelligent creatures, but I never knew before that they'd been trained to make piano keys and billiard balls.'"

Everybody Pretty Green.

"It's no wonder that Cain turned out so badly."

"How so?"

"Neither his parents nor anybody else in the neighborhood had had any experience in bringing up children."